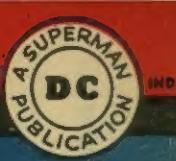




No. 109

2 DAGES - CL

MARCH... TEN CENTS



The BATMAN

Detective COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



WHY DO FIREMEN
WEAR RED SUSPENDERS

HA-HA

HOW HIGH
IS UP?

HA-HA

HA-HA

HA-HA

OH YOU KID!

HA-HA

HA-HA

WHO WAS THAT LADY
I SEEN YOU WITH
LAST NIGHT?

HA-HA

23 SKIDDOW

HA-HA

BATMAN AND ROBIN
TANGLE AGAIN WITH
THE JOKER
IN THE SUPER-GOOFY
ADVENTURE OF
"The House That
JOKES Built"

BATMAN

WITH
ROBIN
-THE BOY WONDER-

B.C.
KANE

WHY DOES A CHICKEN
CROSS THE ROAD?

23 SKUDOO

HA-HA

W'Y DO FIREMEN
WEAR RED SUSPENDERS

HA-HA

HA-HA

OH YOU KID!

HA

WHO WAS THAT LADY
I SEEN YOU WITH
LAST NIGHT?

HA-HA
HOW HIGH
IS UP?

ONCE AGAIN MAD LAUGHTER MOCKS GOTHAM CITY AS THE **JOKER**, CUNNING CLOWN OF CRIME, TURNS HIS LAWLESS LUNACY TO THE FINER POINTS OF LARCENY. MAD AS A MARCH HARE - BUT CRAZY LIKE A FOX - THE MEPHISTOPHELES OF MIRTH WAGES A WHACKY WAR OF WITS AGAINST HIS OMNI-PRESENT FOES **BATMAN** AND **ROBIN**, AND LURES THEM ALONG THE PERILOUS PATH THAT LEADS TO THE DAFFIEST DOMICILE IN THE WORLD...

"*The house that JOKES BUILT!*"

DETECTIVE COMICS

HERBERT SWAIL, INVESTMENT BROKER,
RECEIVES A PACKAGE...

SIGN HERE, MISTER!

A BOOK! I
THOUGHT EVERY-
BODY KNEW I NEVER
WASTED TIME
READING!

JOKES! I
ABHOR THEM!
THEY'RE FOR FOOLS
WHO DON'T KNOW
WHAT A SERIOUS
BUSINESS MONEY-
MAKING IS!

IDIOTIC DRIVEL.... HUH?...
GAS!... I'M-CH-CHOKING—

AND SPEAKING OF JOKES...

HA, HA! HE
USED TO BOAST

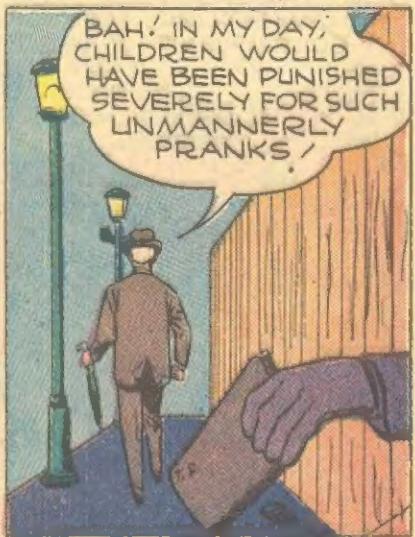
HE WAS RICH BECAUSE HE NEVER
LAUGHED—AND NOW HE'S THE
BUTT OF A JOKE THAT WILL LEAVE
HIM POOR.

QUITE
A HAUL!
BONDS AND
STOCK
CERTIFICATES—
ALL NEGOTIABLE!

LATER... HERE COMES TITUS DRUMM,
RICHEST AND MEANEST
MAN IN GOTHAM
CITY! HE OUGHT TO
GO FOR THE POCKET-
BOOK GAG IN
A BIG WAY!



DETECTIVE COMICS





DETECTIVE COMICS



DETECTIVE COMICS





MEANWHILE, BRUCE WAYNE,
AT HOME...

HERE IS
THE LATEST
PAPER,
SIR!

IT CAN'T
TELL ME
ANY MORE
THAN I
KNOW
ALREADY!

DAILY STAR
JOKER FOILS
BATMAN AND
KIDNAPS ROBIN

BEGGING YOUR
PARDON, SIR, BUT
THIS ADVERTISEMENT
IN THE PERSONAL
COLUMN SHOULD
INTEREST YOU! ✓ LE

WHAT!
LET ME
SEE!

SO, WHEN DARKNESS HAS CAST
ITS CLOAK OVER THE CITY...

THIS IS FOURTH AND JONES,
AND IT'S TWO MINUTES TO
TEN! I'LL STAY UP HERE TILL
I FIND OUT WHAT DEVILTRY
THE JOKER IS
UP TO!

TEN- AND NO ONE IN SIGHT! I SUPPOSE THE JOKER THINKS IT'S FUNNY TO SEND ME ON A WILD GOOSE CHASE—

A SUDDEN CLICK
AND THE TWANG
OF A BOWSTRING
REACHES THE EARS
OF THE BATMAN...

EH?...
GREAT
CAESAR!

CLICK

SO IT WAS A
DEATH TRAP! AND
THAT LOOKS LIKE
A NOTE!

My dear Batman:
Yes, the arrow is poisoned!
Shrewd of me to guess
exactly where you would
be at the stroke of 10.
wasn't it? Robin am I
I will back miles
you! Ha, ha, ha!

267 Darley St.

DETECTIVE COMICS



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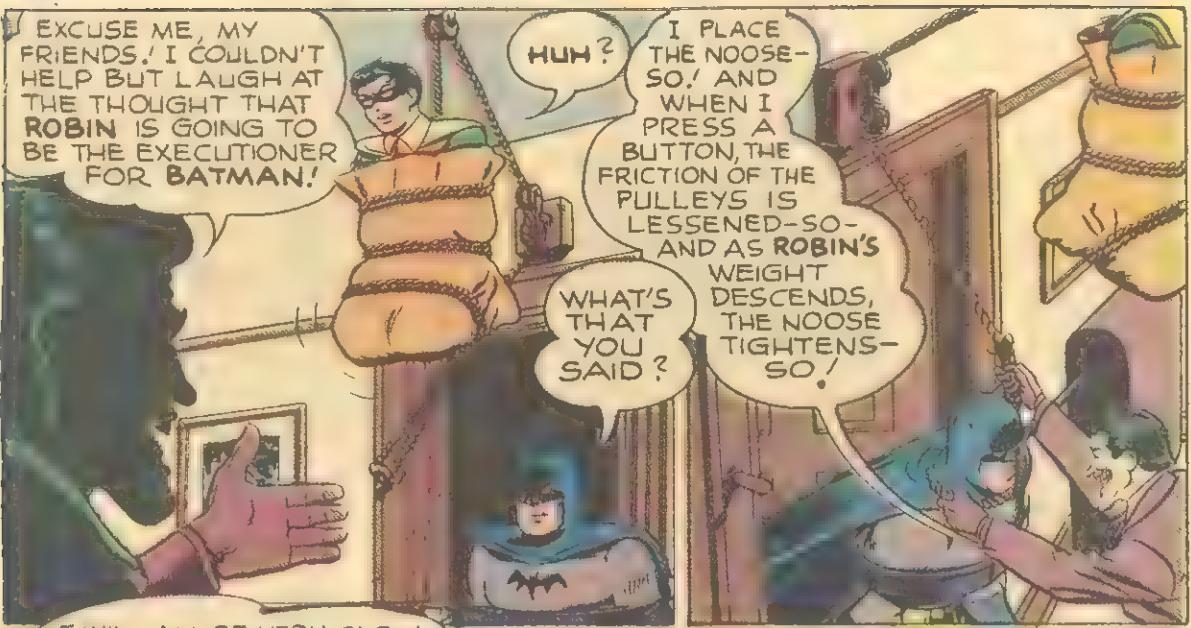
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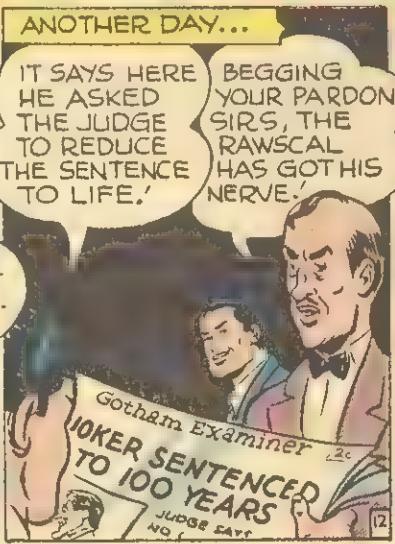
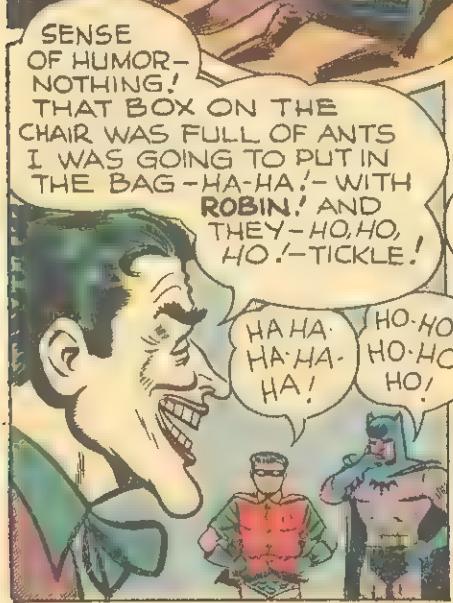
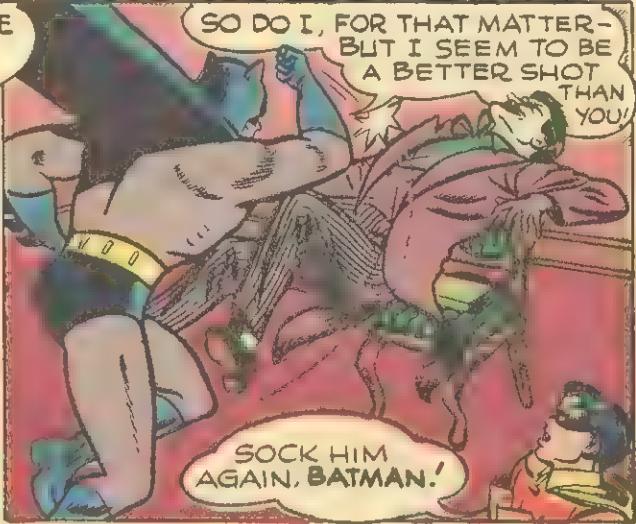
CAN ROBIN THE BOY WONDER SAVE THE LIFE OF HIS FAMOUS MENTOR? ALREADY THE ROPE IS SLIPPING THROUGH THE HANGMAN'S KNOT, GROWING TIGHTER-TIGHTER...

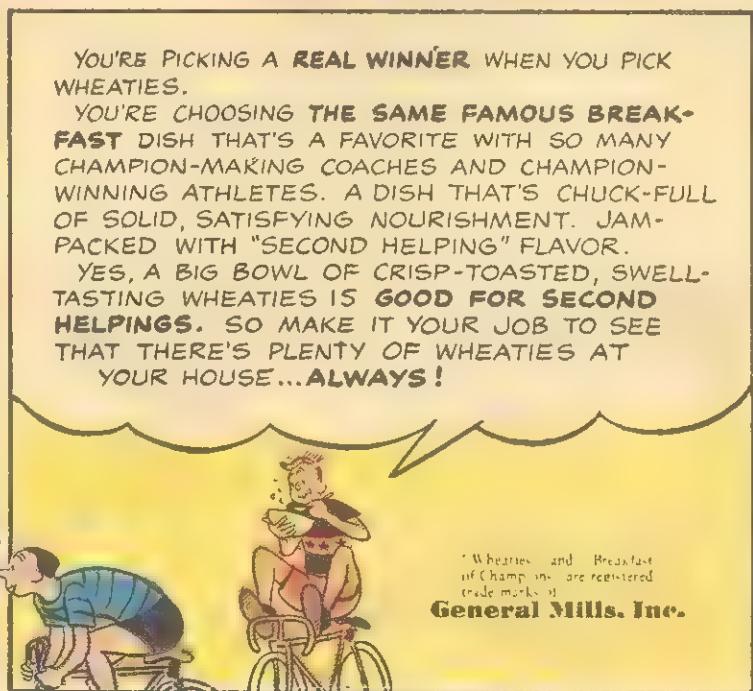
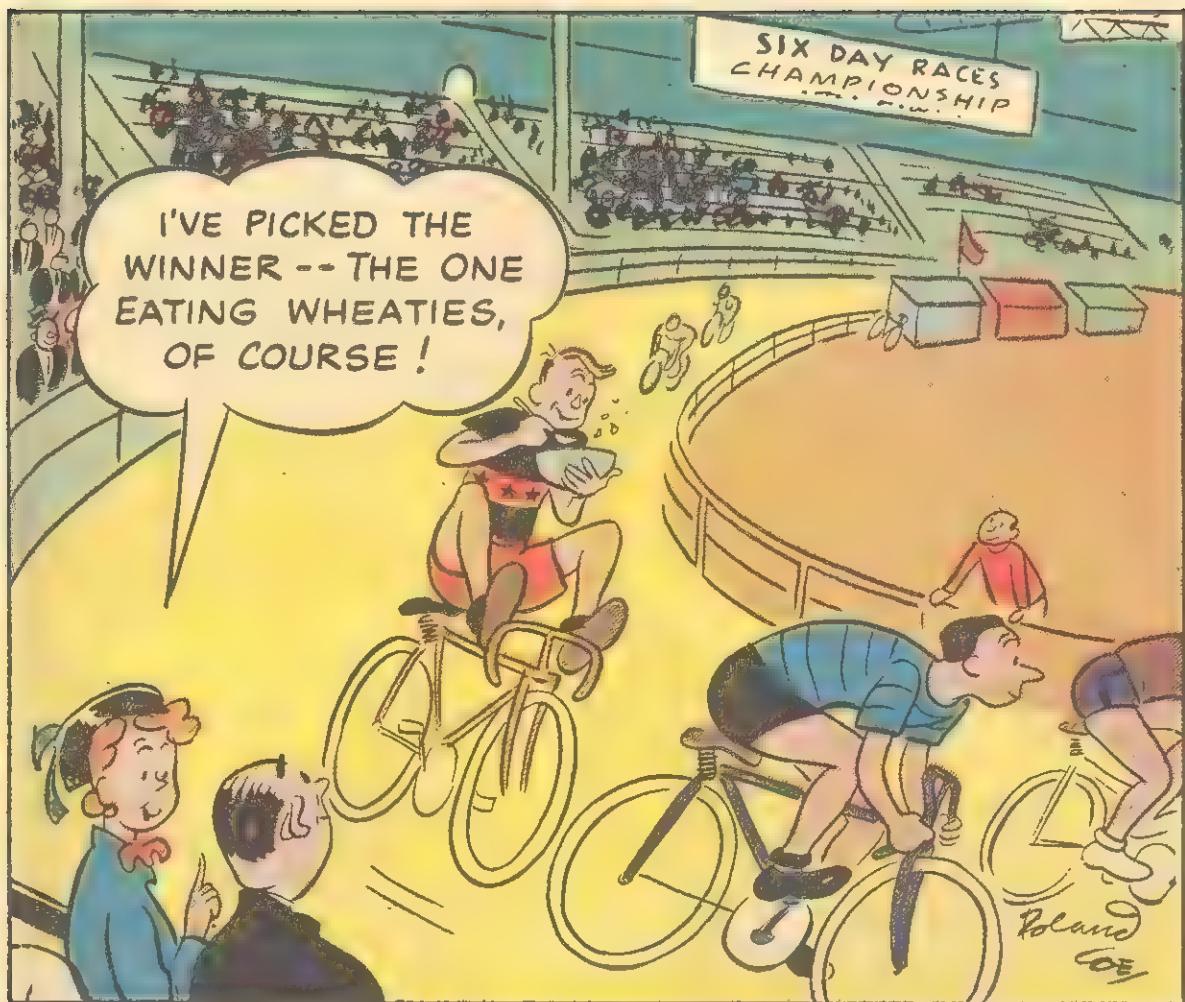


SUDDENLY, THE MUSCULAR FRAME OF THE ACE CRIME-FIGHTER GOES LIMP IN ITS BAND OF STEEL!



DETECTIVE COMICS

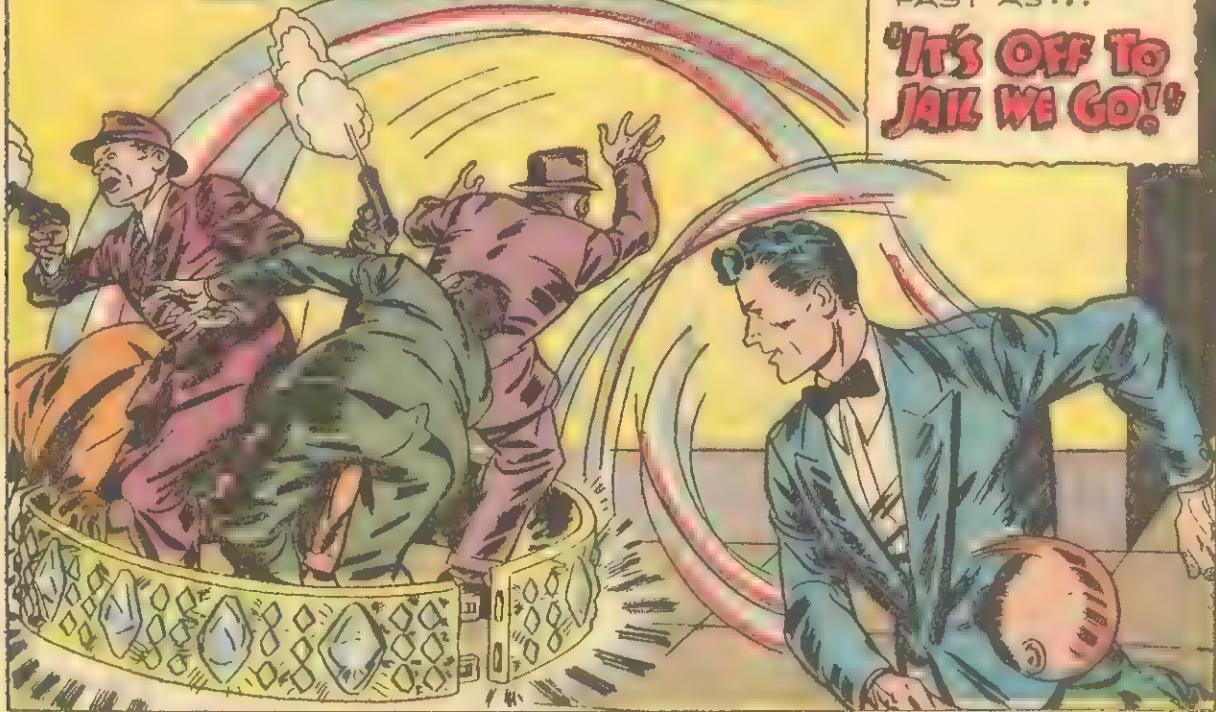




SLAM BRADLEY

WHEN CROOKS TRY TO GET INTO JAIL, THAT'S NEWS! AND NOBODY HAS A BETTER NOSE FOR NEWS THAN SLAM BRADLEY, NOT TO MENTION HIS PINT-SIZE PAL, SHORTY MORGAN! SO THE CLUES FALL THICK AND FAST AS...

"It's off to jail we go!"



SLAM
AND
SHORTY
PASS
THE
TIME
O'DAY
WITH
COLLINS
THE
COP...

HI,
COLLINS—
HOW'RE
THINGS?

NOT SO GOOD,
BOYS. WE'VE
BEEN HAVING THE
GOOFIEST
ROBBERIES YOU
EVER WROTE,
HOME ABOUT.



**CRASH
S-C-R-E-E-E-S**

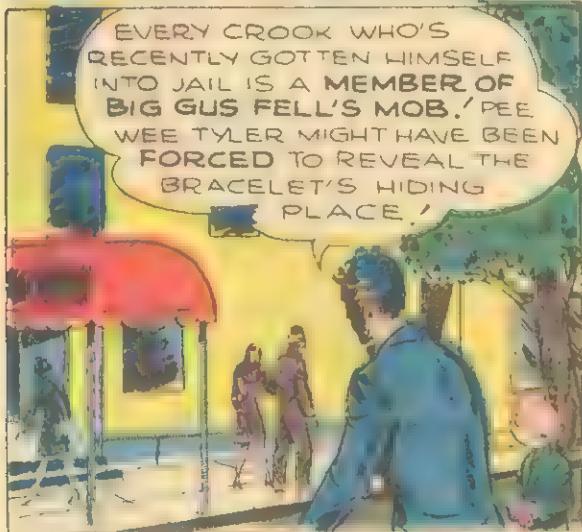
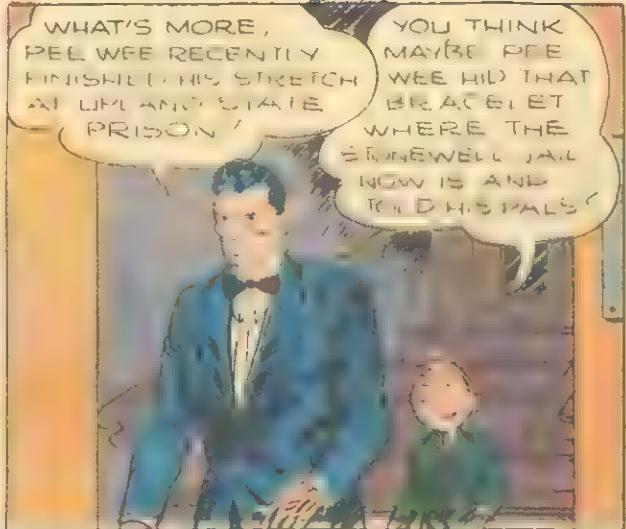
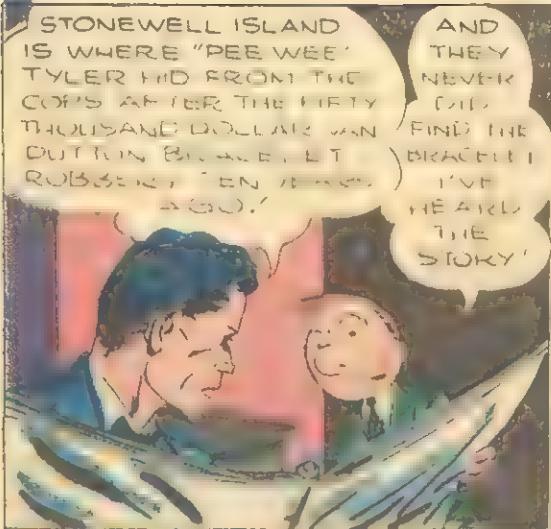
JUMPIN'
CATS! I BET
THAT'S ANOTHER
ONE!



DETECTIVE COMICS

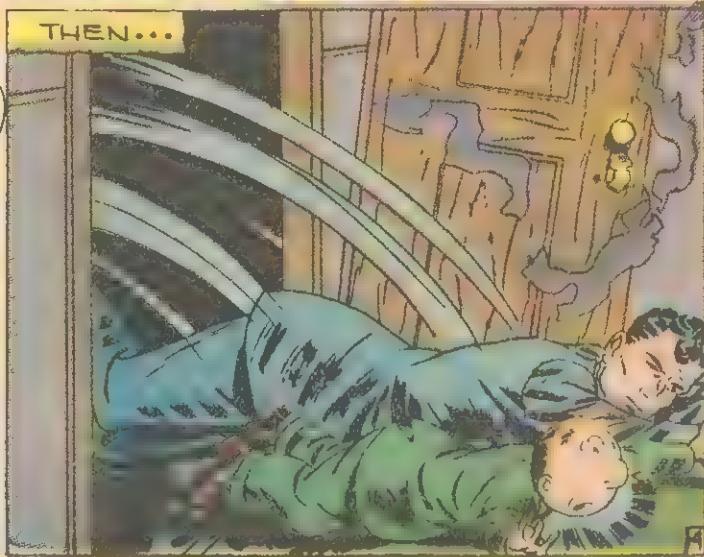


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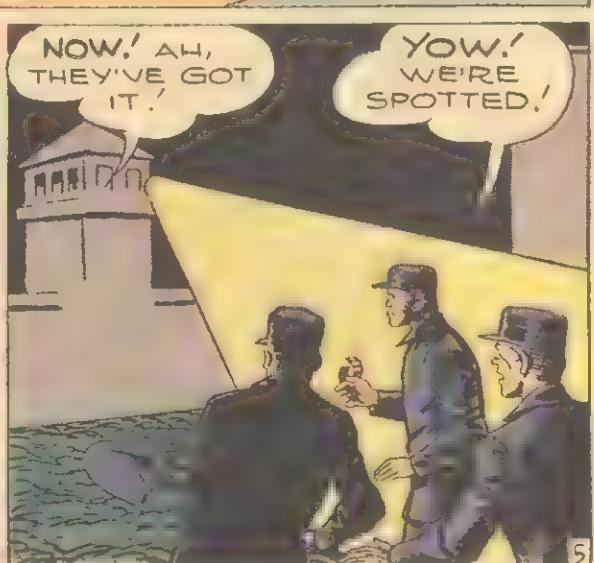
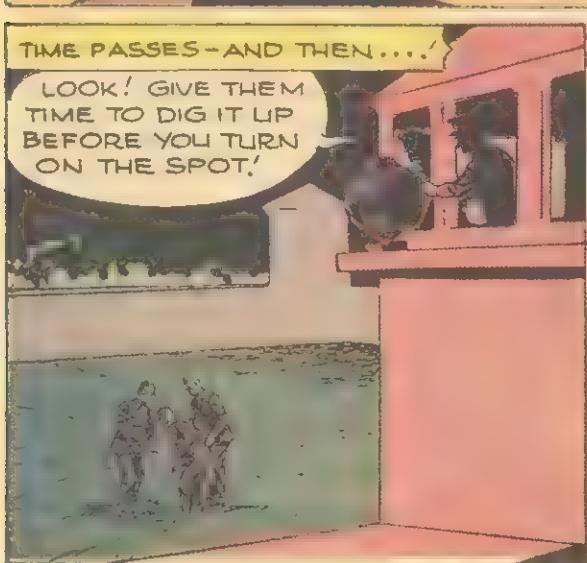
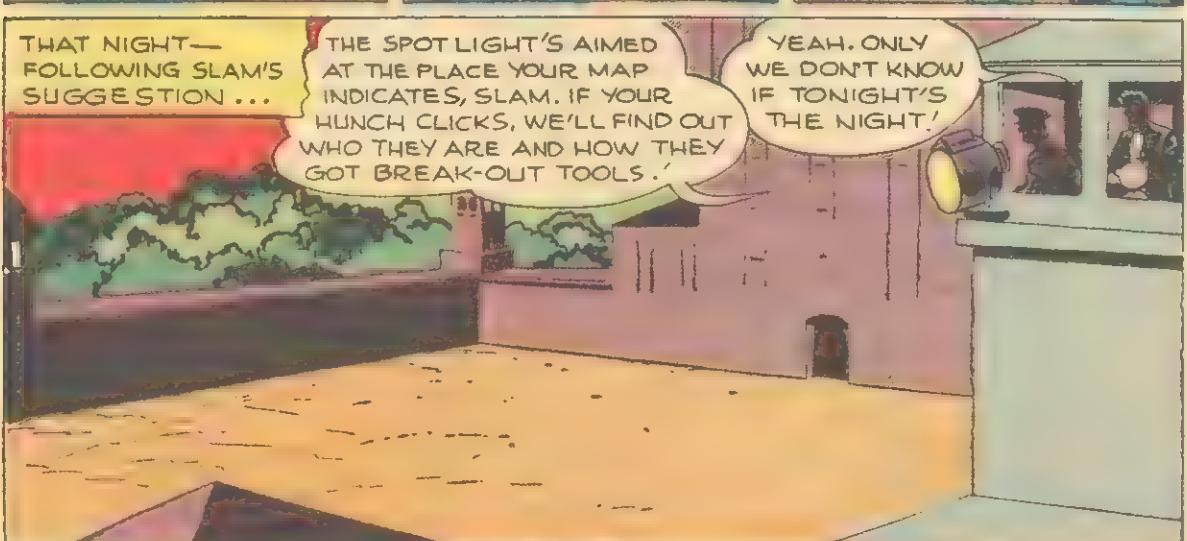
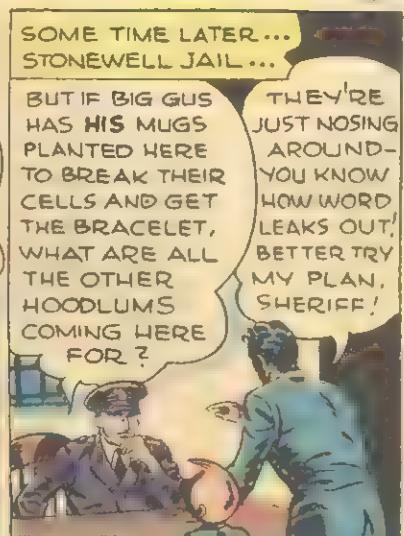
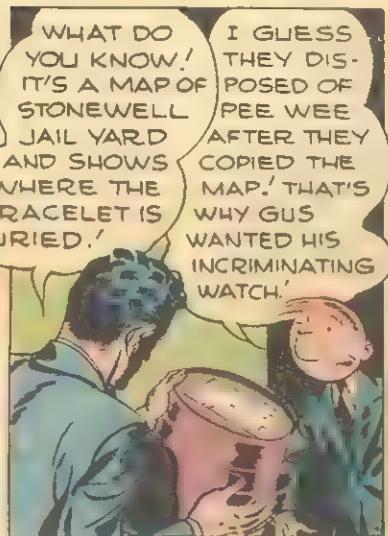


DETECTIVE COMICS





DETECTIVE COMICS







DETECTIVE COMICS



STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 14, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 OF DETECTIVE COMICS, published monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1945

State of New York }
County of New York } as

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared J. S. Liebowitz, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the DETECTIVE COMICS and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of Aug 14, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 337, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are Publisher, Detective Comics, Inc. 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; Editor, F. W. Ellsworth, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Name: Busi- ness Manager J. S. Liebowitz 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17 N. Y.

2. That the owner is (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock) If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given) Detective Comics, Inc., 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.; H. Dinenfield, 480 Lexington Ave., New

York 17, N. Y.; J. S. Liebowitz, 480 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

3. That the known bond-holders, mortgagees, and other security holders holding or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are None

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock bonds or other securities than as so stated by him

J. S. LIEBOWITZ, Business Manager

Witnessed and subscribed before me this 25th day of September 1945
ALFRED R. YAFFE, Notary Public (Commission expires March 30, 1946)

NEW PRIZES! METAL PIN-ON

COMIC BUTTONS

ONE IN EVERY PACKAGE OF KELLOGG'S PEP

COLLECT 'EM—SWAP 'EM—

Be the first to sport a full set of PEP Comic Buttons — full-color reproductions of your comic favorites!

Boy, oh boy! — What fun to wear these wonderful comic buttons! How the other kids will envy you when you show off such famous comic characters as Superman, hero of Kellogg's great radio program! Moon Mullins! Orphan Annie! And 15 other favorites!

You get one in every package of Kellogg's PEP—large-size, gleaming metal buttons with pin attached, so you can put 'em on your cap, sweater or jacket. No money to send. No box-tops to mail. No delay. One as a prize in every package. Just ask mom to buy a package of Kellogg's PEP today! Open up the package—and there, attached to cardboard—is your comic button! So start collecting these colorful buttons! Be the first in your gang to have a complete set of 18 buttons!

18 FAVORITES FROM THE FUNNIES!

Superman	Smokey Stover
Lillums	Herby
Moon Mullins	Orphan Annie
Uncle Walt	Winnie Winkle
Dick Tracy	Harold Teen
Smitty	Perry Winkle
Smilin' Jack	Nina
Skeezix	Shadow
Sandy	Kayo

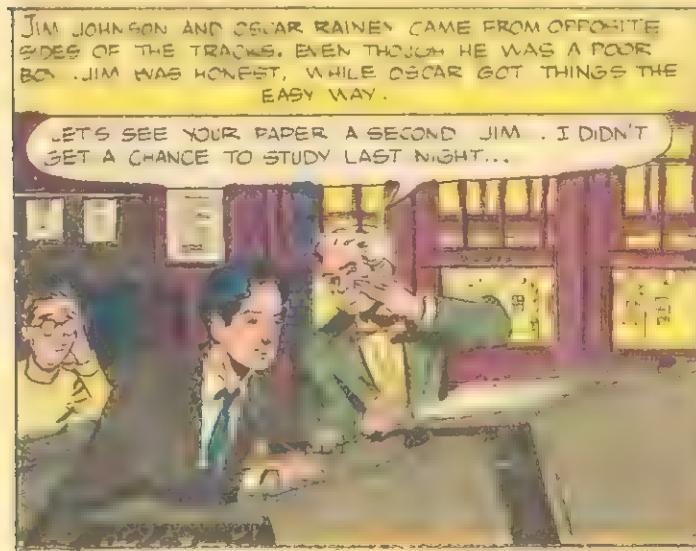
ONE IN EVERY PACKAGE OF PEP!

LISTEN TO

SUPERMAN

Tune in every day, Monday through Friday, and follow the exciting adventures of SUPERMAN. Learn all about PEP and the comic-button prizes. See your local paper for time and station.

**Kellogg's
PEP**



DETECTIVE COMICS



MANY YEARS LATER, A SMALL GROUP OF CONSCIENTIOUS CITIZENS RECOGNIZED THE NEED FOR AN HONEST MAYOR...

FELLOW CITIZENS, I AM GRATEFUL FOR THE TRUST YOU HAVE PLACED IN ME. AND IF ELECTED I PROMISE....



ALSO IN THE MAYORALTY RACE IS THE NOW RICH AND POWERFUL OSCAR RAINY....

...WHEN ELECTED I WILL LOWER TAXES, BUILD PLAYGROUNDS, AND....



--I'LL RUN THIS CITY THE WAY IT SHOULD BE RUN!

SOME LINE THE BOSS HAS GOT, EH?

YEAH... AND THE SUCKERS ARE EATING IT UP!



Larry Jordan, DISTRICT ATTORNEY, IS AN INTERESTED LISTENER...

AND WHAT'S MORE, I'LL SEE TO IT THAT EVERY ONE OF YOU HAS A VOICE IN CIVIC AFFAIRS. I'LL MAKE THIS THE MOST PROGRESSIVE CITY IN THE ---

RAINEY'S MAKING WONDERFUL PROMISES. I WONDER HOW HE'S GOING TO KEEP THEM. THINK I'LL DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING AS *air Wave!*



THIS OUGHT TO BE INTERESTING... I'LL TUNE IN THROUGH THE METAL ASH-TRAY ON THE TABLE!



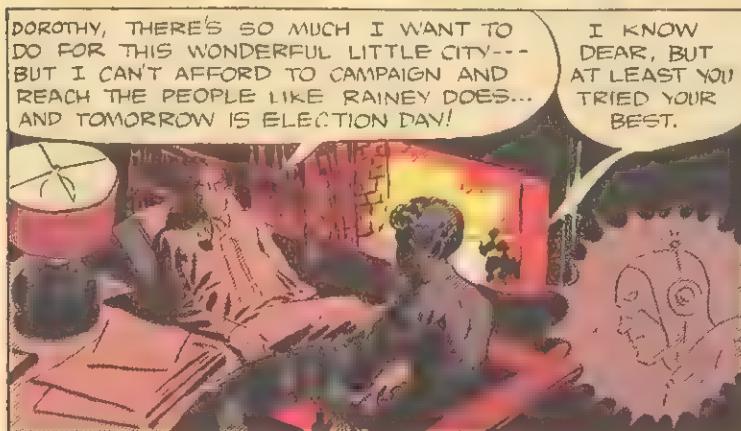
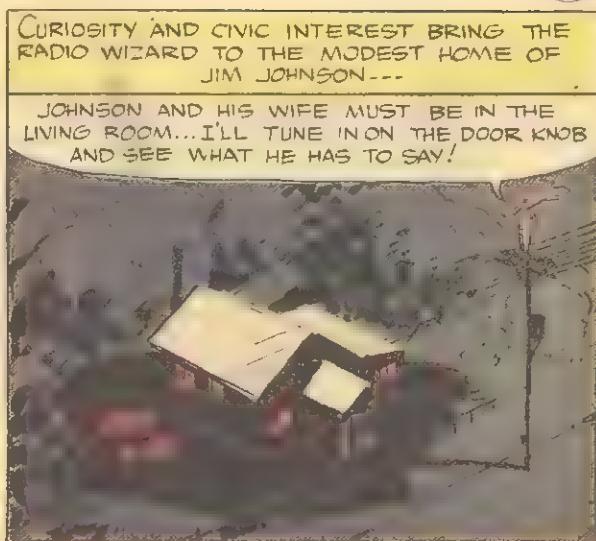
WHY, I'VE GOT THE STUPID CITIZENS OF THIS TOWN IN THE PALM OF MY HAND! WAIT UNTIL WE GET HOLD OF THE CONSTRUCTION CONTRACTS! WE'LL MAKE A FORTUNE!

YEAH, BOSS... YOU SURE HAD 'EM SOLD WITH THAT BROADCAST!

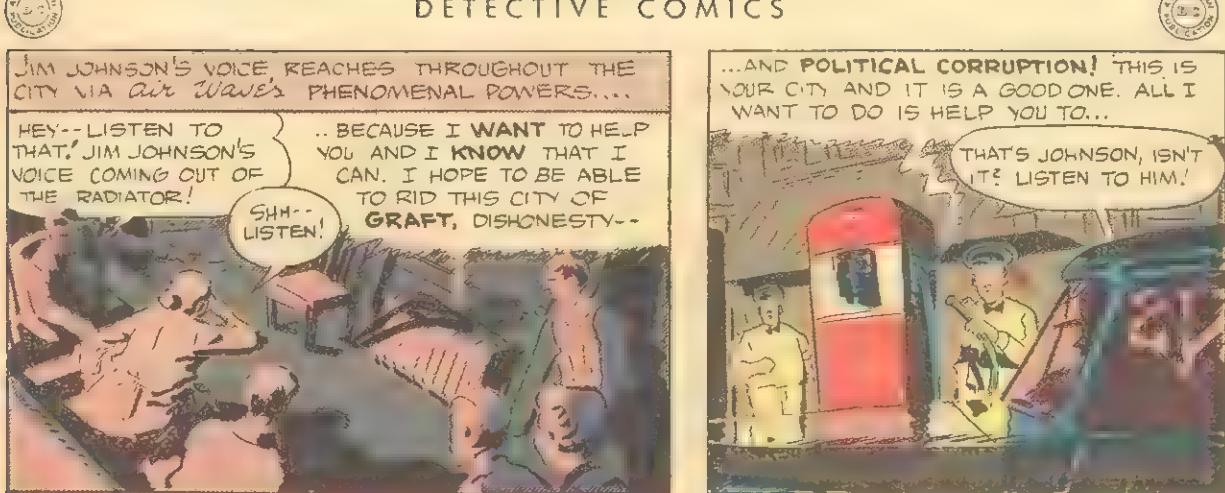




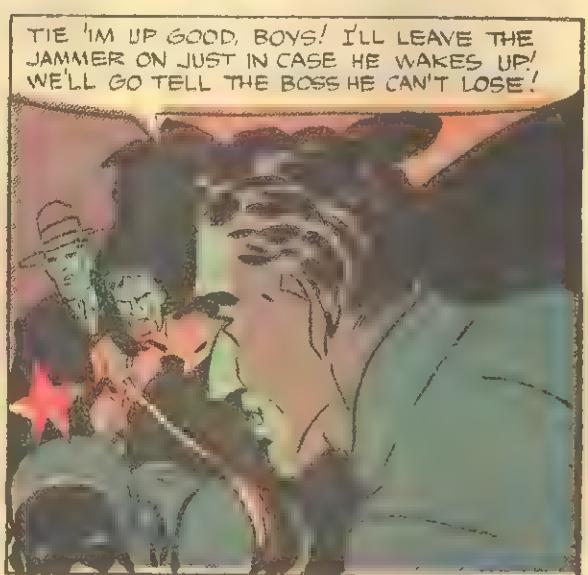
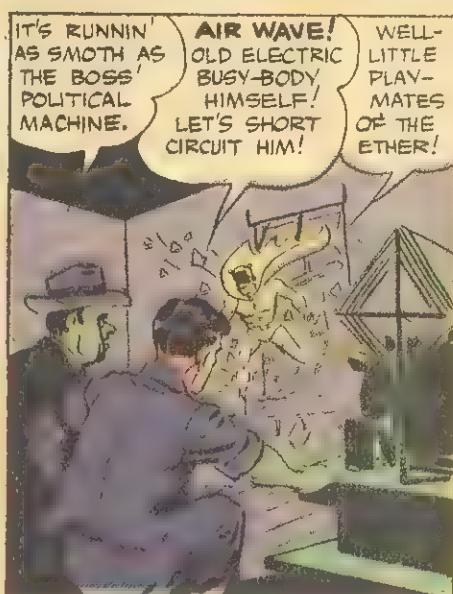
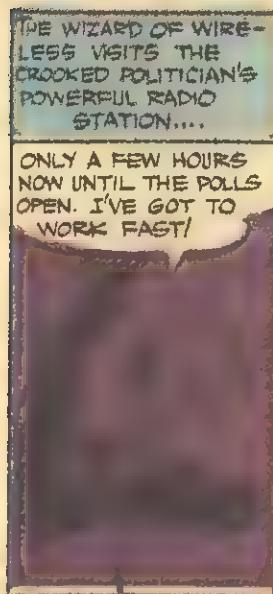
DETECTIVE COMICS



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DETECTIVE COMICS



SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

THEY REALLY TIED
THESE ROPES... I CAN'T
GET LOOSE! AND IT'S 7 O'CLOCK...
THE POLLS ARE OPEN! WELL... THERE'S
ONLY ONE CHANCE LEFT!



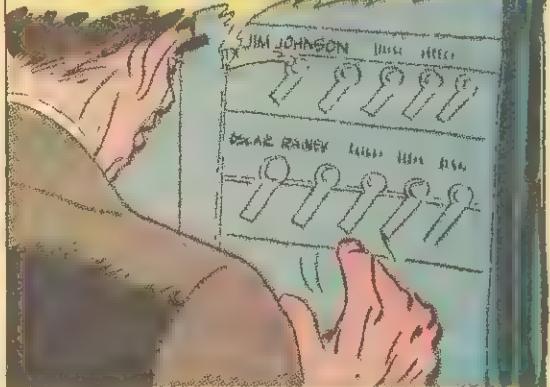
THE ELECTION HAS
BEGUN...

WELL, LOOKS LIKE
EVERYTHING'S UNDER
CONTROL, BOSS.

VEAH... EVEN AIR WAVE
CAN'T HURT US, NOW!
WE'RE IN!



VOTERS, ATTENTION! THIS IS AIR WAVE
TALKING... AND URGING YOU NOT TO MAKE
THE BIGGEST MISTAKE OF YOUR LIVES!
DON'T VOTE FOR RAINES! PULL THE
LEVER FOR JIM JOHNSON IF YOU WANT
AN HONEST MAYOR!



...AND VOTERS, WHEN YOU'RE THROUGH
ELECTING HONEST JIM JOHNSON MAYOR,
YOU MIGHT SEND THE POLICE OVER HERE
TO RAINES'S RADIO STATION TO
UNTIE ME!



NICE WORK,
AIR WAVE!
J.M. JOHNSON
WON BY A
LANDSLIDE!

THANKS, BOYS! AND NOW THAT
WE'VE GOT ENOUGH EVIDENCE
TO PUT RAINES AND HIS CROWD
WHERE THEY BELONG -- LET'S
DO IT!



The End



SPIKE



Advertisement

HISTORY'S MYSTERIES

NO ONE KNOWS WHERE CAPTAIN KIDD'S TREASURE IS BURIED. THIS FAMOUS PIRATE IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE HIDDEN AWAY OVER 10 MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF LOOTED GOLD AND JEWELS.



EVERYONE KNOWS THAT SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS ARE A REAL TREASURE...BECAUSE THEY GIVE SUCH QUICK, PLEASANT RELIEF FOR COUGHS DUE TO COLDS.



SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS

BLACK OR MENTHOL-5¢



FOOT SOLDIER.

by Stan Carter

THE roads were clogged with Okinawans. They were surrendering. But in the hills some die-hards, Japs among them, were still fighting. Skinny Pilcher, lost in reverie, didn't notice Sergeant Train approaching. He was busy looking over the natives.

He nodded now as the Sarge came out. Train asked:

"What are you doing, sleeping?"

Skinny, flushing, blinked. "No," he said truthfully. "I was just thinking." He indicated a line of Okinawans who had come up from the hills. "They must be farmers. I noticed that all the farmers seem to go barefooted."

He should have noticed that there was a warning light in Train's eye, but he didn't. He was warmed up to his subject. "Know what?" he said. "Those are typical Jap wooden shoes on that bunch." He indicated the line. "I bet a foot doctor would get a surprise here. Those peo-

ple put a piece of brown string between their big toes and the next ones." He smiled. "Know why?"

"No," said Train sweetly. "I don't."

"It seems to help them get their feet toughened. They walk on sharp coral all the time, Sarge." He grinned happily. "Funny how much you can figure out by just watching people."

The Sarge's face reddened. "That's more than I want to figure out," he roared at the startled Skinny, who took a step back. "I just want to figure you out." He turned Skinny around. "Why don't you pay attention to your job instead of trying to be a detective. Can't you see how this mob is blocking the roads?"

Poor Skinny hadn't noticed. Behind him, the line had stopped. There was a jeep caught right in the middle. And in the jeep rode the colonel. "Get him out of there," Train roared. "And then when I send

you a relief, you report for night duty."

"Okay, Sarge, okay." Skinny hurried to clear the jam. He shook his head. The Sarge never would understand. Sighing, he extricated the colonel, who had a few very choice things to say.

Skinny was still smarting around the ears that night. The colonel had really gone to town on him. And the sarge had delivered himself of some oral brimstone, just before Skinny went on post.

Now, somewhat chastened, Skinny stood at his post. Vehicular traffic was heavy and troops were still moving up. Okinawa had been a hard fight, and might prove to be harder still. As the troops gained, more and more people, mostly Okinawans, came down from the hills. They had been fighting in caves, or hiding in them.

Skinny, looking over his shoulder, saw the burly figure of Master Sgt. Train coming toward him.

"More trouble," he muttered to himself. "What did I do wrong now?" He wondered whether the colonel had put him on report.

He didn't have much time to think about it, though. His attention was arrested by a group of Okinawans coming into camp. They were bearing a white flag. Behind them, about fifty feet, came a native dressed in civilian clothes.

He was carrying his few meager possessions in a burlap bag. The bag was held by a long stick.

Skinny watched the man for a moment as he picked his way barefooted. Then, an expression of amazement came over Skinny's face. He heard Sergeant Train call his name, but paid no attention.

Skinny rushed toward the barefooted man, who suddenly turned and fled toward a clump of trees and brush. Skinny, eyes blazing, let go with the Garand he had tucked under his arm.

The man fell into the dirt road, kicked convulsively, then lay still.

Train's fingers bit into Skinny's shoulders. "I saw you do that," he roared. "You shot someone coming in carrying a flag of truce."

Skinny's voice was cold, hard. "This one wasn't worried about any flag of truce." He felt the blood rushing to his face. His heart was pounding hard against his ribs as his fingers fumbled with the burlap bundle.

"I've just got to be right," he told himself. "I know I'm right." His fingers opened the burlap bag.

Train's breath, behind Skinny, was like a rush of air through a train tunnel. "Will you look at that?" the Sarge gasped. "Will you look at that?"

It was something worth looking at too. Inside the burlap bundle were two thin boards. And pressed between them was a Jap .31 calibre sniper rifle.

In the bundle also was a Jap soldier's uniform, shoes, and other equipment.

"A sniper," the Sarge gasped, "A Jap sniper."

"And with these, too." Skinny's searching fingers brought out a half dozen grenades, cleverly concealed about the dead sniper's person. "He could have done plenty of damage here."

"I'll say he could," a voice chimed in.

Skinny got to his feet, saluted the colonel. He had come up, attracted by the firing. "Good work, soldier." His clear blue eyes studied Skinny. "How did you recognize him, boy?"

"By the way he walked, Sir," Skinny said, happily. "You see, he was picking his way, and I knew his feet were tender. That meant he had been wearing shoes. Only Jap soldiers wear shoes here, and then his toes were not spread apart!"

The colonel was smiling. "That sounds like pretty good detective work, Son," he said kindly. He looked at Train. "See that this man gets proper credit for a good job well done, Sergeant."

"Yes sir," said Train, humbly. "I sure will, Sir!"



THREE-RING BINKS

BY JACK FARR

BINKS! I'VE GOT AN ACT HERE THAT WILL TIE YOUR EARS BACK IN A BOW! MEET MONTY MUGGOLINA, THE "MAHATMA" OF MARBLE!! NOW, BETWEEN THIS SLEDGE AND HIS SO-CALLED HEAD, I'M GONNA PULVERIZE THAT SLAB OF CEMENT SIDEWALK HE'S HOLDIN' INTO POWDER!--THEN TRY AN' SEE IF YOU COAX ME INTO SIGNIN' A FAT LIFE CONTRACT!

BOOKING AGENT DE LUXE FOR STAGE, SCREEN, AND RAH-DEE-OH-H!

HOLD EVERYTHING, NITWIT!! AN' LAY THAT HAMMER DOWN WHILE I TELL YOU ABOUT THE GREATEST BLOCK-BUSTER ACT I EVER BOOKED! IT'S A SHORT, ROCKBOUND TALE ABOUT THE ONE AND ONLY "GRANITE GROGAN"! NOW LISTEN--



-- SOME THUTTY ODD YEARS AGO I WAS BARN-STORMING WITH A CASTOFF CARNIVAL THROUGH THE QUARRY COUNTRY OF VERMONT, WHEN ONE DAY ...

HOWDY, PAPSY! I HAPPENS TO BE "GRANITE GROGAN", - THE QUANDARY O' TH' QUARRIES, THEY LOVABLY CALLS ME!

SO WHAT CAN I SELL YOU, BUB?

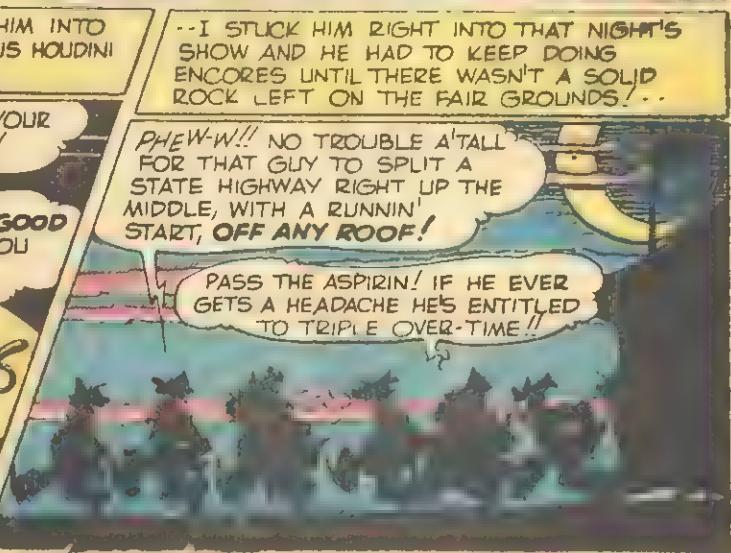
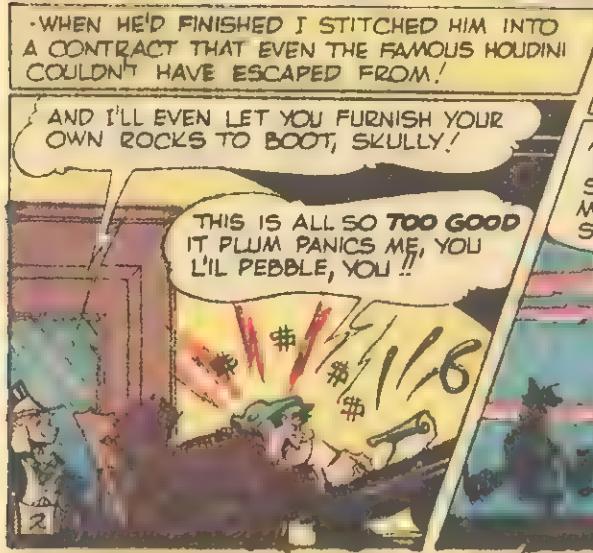
I'M SELLIN' YOU, PAPSY! I AIM TO DO A "HITCH" IN SHOW BUSINESS, AN' I'VE GOT THE ROCKS HERE TO DO IT WITH, TOO! - WANNA SEE MY TALENT?

OKAY! TROT IT OUT!
I WANNA SEE!



DETECTIVE COMICS

--WITH THAT HE TOSSES A HUGE BLOCK OF
GRANITE CEILING-HIGH,-- IT DESCENDS,--AND--



DETECTIVE COMICS

-AT EVERY STOP ON OUR CIRCUIT HE INSTANTLY BECAME THE "TALK OF THE TOWN!" -- AND AFTER HIS ACT HE ALWAYS ISSUED THIS GOOD-NATURED CHALLENGE . . .

-- AND HIS CHALLENGE WAS ALWAYS ACCEPTED!! SOME PLAYFUL CUSTOMERS EVEN THREW ENTIRE CHIMNEYS AT HIM, BUT HE TOOK IT ALL WITH A GRIN! --

FOLKSES! THAT CONCLUDES TODAY'S SHOW! I'M NOW INVITIN' YOU ALL TO BRING YOUR OWN ROCK AMMUNITION ALONG FOR TOMORROW'S MATINEE - AND TAKE A PEG AT OL' GRANITE GROGAN, THE NUT-ZACKER YOURSELVES! 'IN PEKSON'

OKAY, CHUM! IF THE FIRE'S OUT, TOSS IT!

--THE BOX-OFFICE "TAKE" GOT SO BIG THAT WE SOON HAD TO GET THREE-STORY ARMORED TRUCKS TO CARRY OUR DAILY BANK DEPOSITS! --

-- FOR EIGHT STRAIGHT MONTHS WE FATTENED AND FLOUNDERED FONDLY WITH FABULOUS FORTUNES! . . .

BINKS
BANKER'S
SPECIAL

DAWGONE! HOW THIS LETTUCE SALAD O' FOLDIN' MONEY'S CLUTTERIN' UP TH' OL' PLACE. AN' HOW I JUST LOVE BEIN' CLUTTERED!

BOSS, D'Y MIND
IF I TAKE M'SELF
HOME A FEW SAMPLES?

THEN IT HAPPENED! I THINK WE WERE PLAYING IN WAXAHACHIE, TEXAS OR MEbbe IT WAS SPARKS, NEV-TENNYRATE

I CAN ALWAYS TELL, BOSS! HE JUST NEGLECTS USIN' DOORS AN' BUTTS HIS WAY NTER AN' OUTA BUILDINGS AM'DSHIPS! . . . THISAWAY NOW HE'S EATIN'!!

HEY, BOSS! GRANITE GROGAN'S ON THE WARPATH AN' HE'S HOTTER'N THE TOP O' FAHRENHEIT!

HOW COME? 'N'
HOWDA Y'KNOW?

JOE'S
LUNCH.

JOE'S LUNCH.



DETECTIVE COMICS



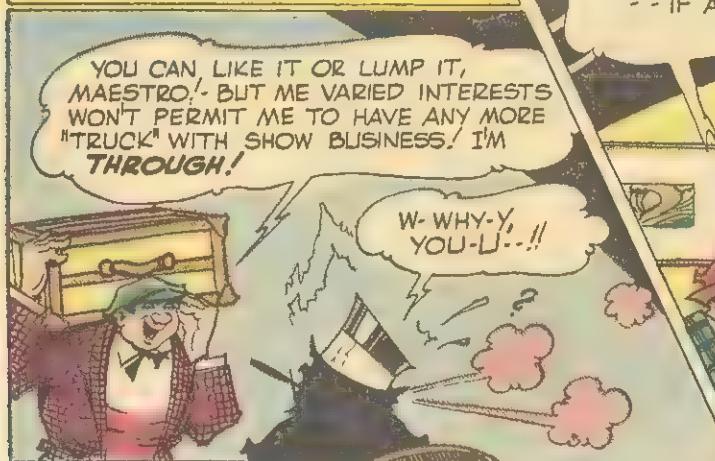
BULL-IEVE YOU ME I LAID THE LAW DOWN TO HIM FOUR WAYS TO SUNDAY WHEN HE GOT BACK--AND DAWGGONED IF THE BIG HULK DIDN'T SIT HIMSELF RIGHT DOWN 'N' BLAST OUT BAWLIN'--

--EVERYTHING RAN ALONG SWIMMINGLY AFTER THAT AND WE WERE BACK ON THE BEAM AGAIN! -DEAD CENTER!



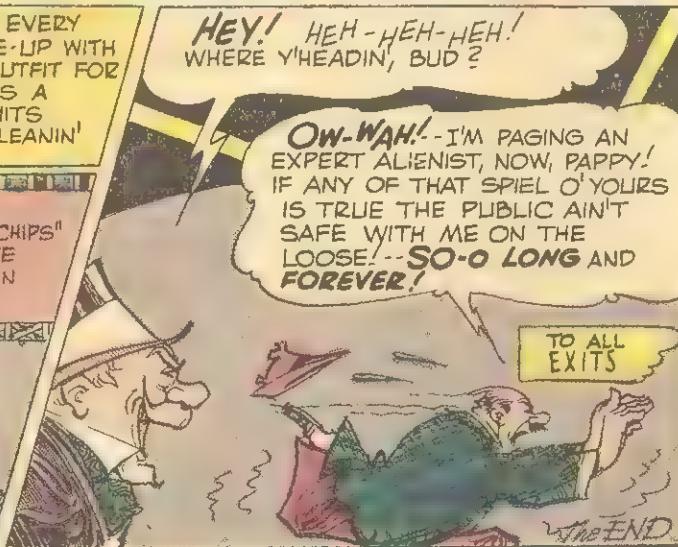
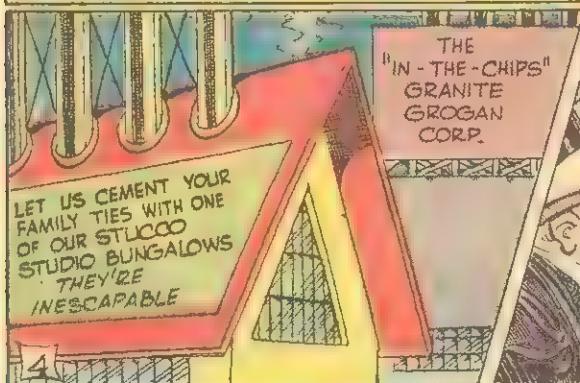
--BUT TWO MONTHS LATER CAME THE FINAL PAY-OFF!--HE QUIT THE CARNIVAL COLD!

WHAT? -- WHY, THE LOW-DOWN INGRATE! WHAT'S HE DOIN' NOW -- -- IF ANYTHING?



I DIDN'T KNOW IT AT THE TIME, BUT IN EVERY TOWN WE PLAYED HE MADE A QUICK TIE-UP WITH A LOCAL ROCK-CRUSHING, CONCRETE OUTFIT FOR HIS ENTIRE OUTPUT, AND NOW HE OWNS A CHAIN OF HIGHWAY CONSTRUCTION UNITS CLEAR ACROSS THE COUNTRY--HE'S CLEANIN' UP MILLIONS.--AND--

HEY! HEH-HEH-HEH!
WHERE Y'HEADIN', BUD?





"AN ATHLETE WANTS FOOD THAT'S GOOD FOR HIM, BUT HE WANTS IT TO TASTE GOOD, TOO," SAYS CHAMPION COACH JOHNSON. "I THINK THAT'S WHY SO MANY CHAMPION PERFORMERS GO FOR WHEATIES. THOSE WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES HAND YOU ESSENTIAL NOURISHMENT RIGHT ALONG WITH FLAVOR THAT'S TOPS. THAT'S WHY I LIKE WHEATIES. AND I THINK YOU'LL LIKE 'EM FOR THE SAME REASON."

Leo Johnson

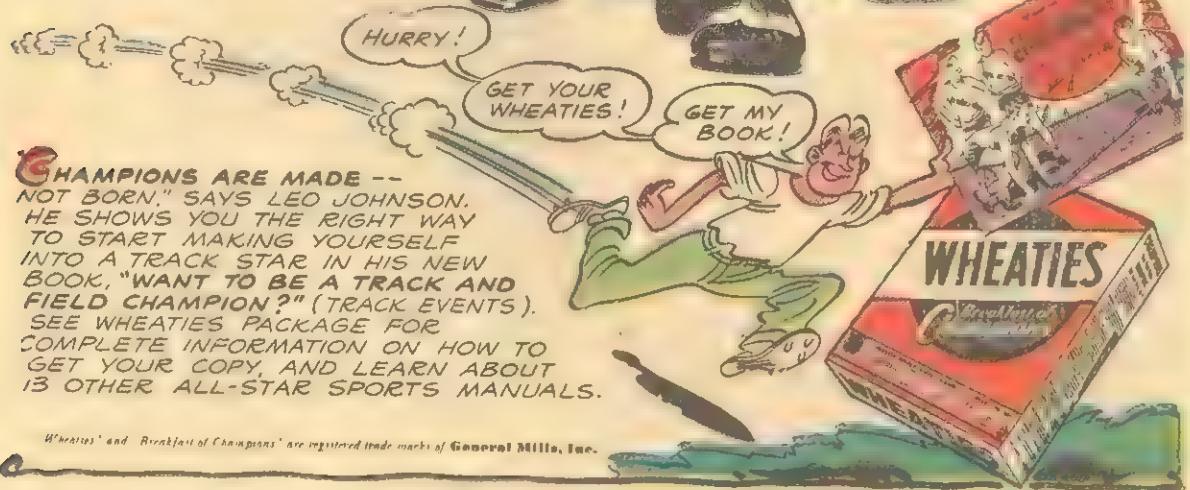
HIS UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS TRACK AND FIELD TEAM WON THE NATIONAL COLLEGIATE ATHLETIC ASS'N CHAMPIONSHIP IN 1944. THE BIG TEN OUTDOOR CHAMPIONSHIP IN 1945.



DURING 8 YEARS OF JOHNSON'S COACHING, ILLINOIS TRACK MEN HAVE WON: 21 BIG TEN INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIPS, 7 NATIONAL (NCAA) INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIPS, 4 NATIONAL (AAU) INDIVIDUAL CHAMPIONSHIPS



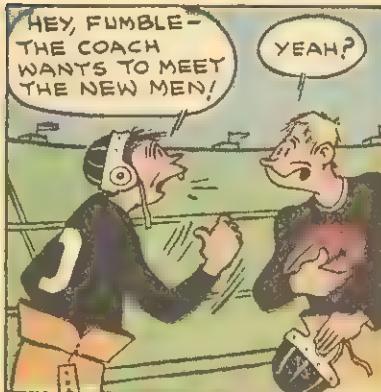
A GREAT ATHLETE AS WELL AS A GREAT COACH, LEO JOHNSON WON VARSITY LETTERS IN FOOTBALL, BASKETBALL, BASEBALL, AND TRACK AT JAMES MILLIKIN UNIVERSITY



CHAMPIONS ARE MADE -- NOT BORN. SAYS LEO JOHNSON. HE SHOWS YOU THE RIGHT WAY TO START MAKING YOURSELF INTO A TRACK STAR IN HIS NEW BOOK, "WANT TO BE A TRACK AND FIELD CHAMPION?" (TRACK EVENTS). SEE WHEATIES PACKAGE FOR COMPLETE INFORMATION ON HOW TO GET YOUR COPY, AND LEARN ABOUT 13 OTHER ALL-STAR SPORTS MANUALS.



DETECTIVE COMICS



Advertisement

FLEER'S...THE FAMILY'S FLAVOR-FAVORITE!

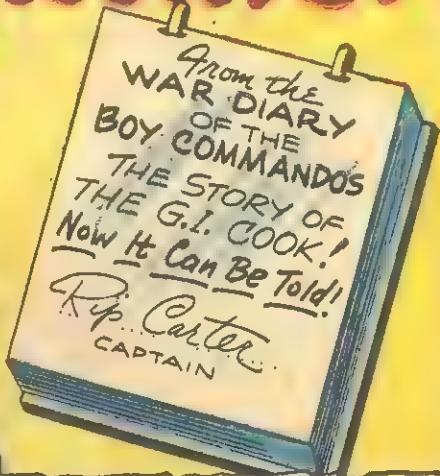




The

THE BOY COMMANDOS

"KEEP 'EM FRYING!"



THE OLD SAYING THAT AN ARMY TRAVELS ON ITS STOMACH SHOWS THE VALUE OF THAT UNSUNG HERO, THE COOK! GOOD FOOD HELPS WIN TOUGH BATTLES! SO, WHEN THE BOY COMMANDOS FIND THE BEST COOK IN THE WORLD... BUT WITHOUT ANYTHING TO COOK... THEY GO ON A PRIMITIVE PROWL FOR VITTLES! AND NEITHER BEAST, BOMB NOR BULLET CAN STOP THEM... WHILE DANGER ONLY ADDS SPICE TO AN ASTOUNDING 10-COURSE DINNER!

BY JOE SIMON & JACK KIRBY



DETECTIVE COMICS



ON AN ISLAND WHICH THE BOY COMMANDOS AND THEIR COMRADES-IN-ARMS SHARE WITH THE JAPANESE, SUPPLIES ARE BEHIND SCHEDULE... AND DO OUR HEROES LOVE THAT?

DIS IS RUININ' ME MORALE.
MEAL AFTER MEAL, DAY
AFTER DAY, NUTTIN' BUT
K-RATIONS TO EAT...

DEY
OUGHTTA
NAME 'EM
AFTER DA
TASTE, AND
CALL 'EM
HAY
RATIONS!

BUT
BROOKLYN,
WE CANNOT
SAY VE
ARE
STARVING!
OUI, AT
LEAST
ZE FILL
ZE
STOMACH,
AND SUPPLY
ZE ENERGY.

BUT A STOMACH
FULL OF
K-RATIONS IS
NOT A HAPPY
STOMACH!
SOLDIERS NEED
NOT ONLY CALOR-
IES AND VITAMINS
BUT FOOD THAT
TASTES GOOD.
AND WHEN THE
MEN CAN'T GET
THAT, ONE OF THE
UNHAPPIEST
PEOPLE ALIVE
IS THE COM-
PANY'S FIRST
COOK...

FORMERLY
ALBERT
OF THE
ASTORIA!

YES, IT'S
I, WASTING
MY TIME IN
IDLENESS,
WHILE YOU
SUBSIST ON
UNPALATABLE
STUFF.

BLIMEY,
WHAT'S 'E
GRIPIN'
ABOUT?
WITH
NOTHING
TO DO, 'E
CAN TAKE
IT H'EASY.

TAKE IT EASY?
DON'T BE ABSURD.
I DIDN'T BECOME
FAMOUS AS THE
GREATEST CHEF IN
THE WORLD BY
TAKING IT EASY.
I LOVE
TO COOK.

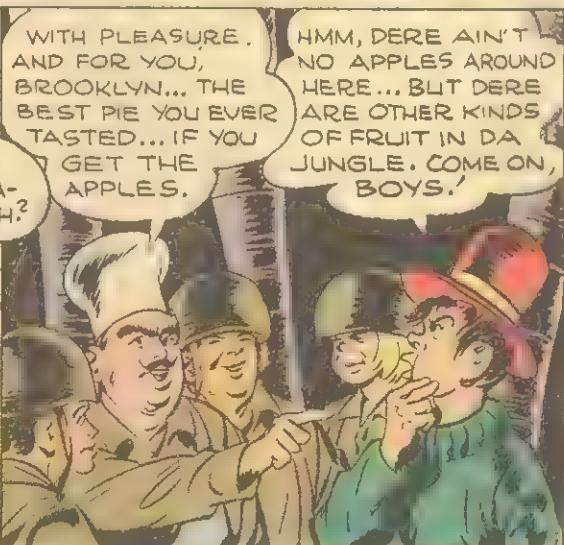
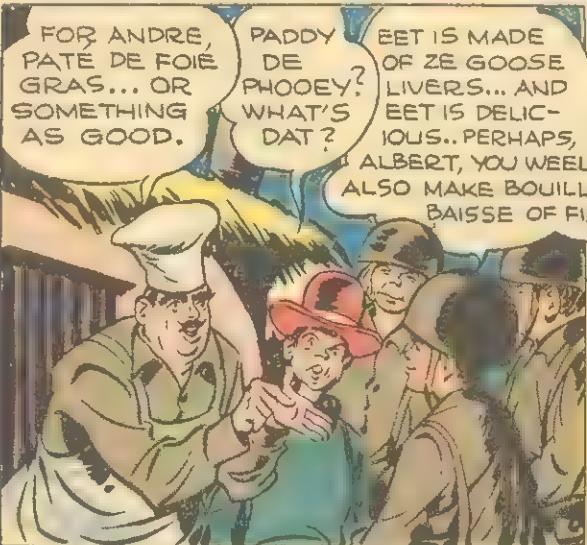
I HAD
INTENDED TO
MAKE ALL THE
BOYS A 10-COURSE
DINNER... BUT, OF
COURSE, WITHOUT
SUPPLIES, THAT'S
OUT OF THE QUESTION.

HUH..? YOU
MEAN WE'RE
BEIN' GYPPED
OUT OF A
10-COURSE
DINNER?

PARBLEU,
I WEESH
HE HAD NOT
MENTIONED
IT. NOW ZE
K-RATIONS
WILL STICK
IN MY THROAT.

'ARF A MO', BOYS.
THERE'S GAME IN THE
JUNGLE... IF ALBERT
WILL COOK IT, WE'LL
CATCH IT.

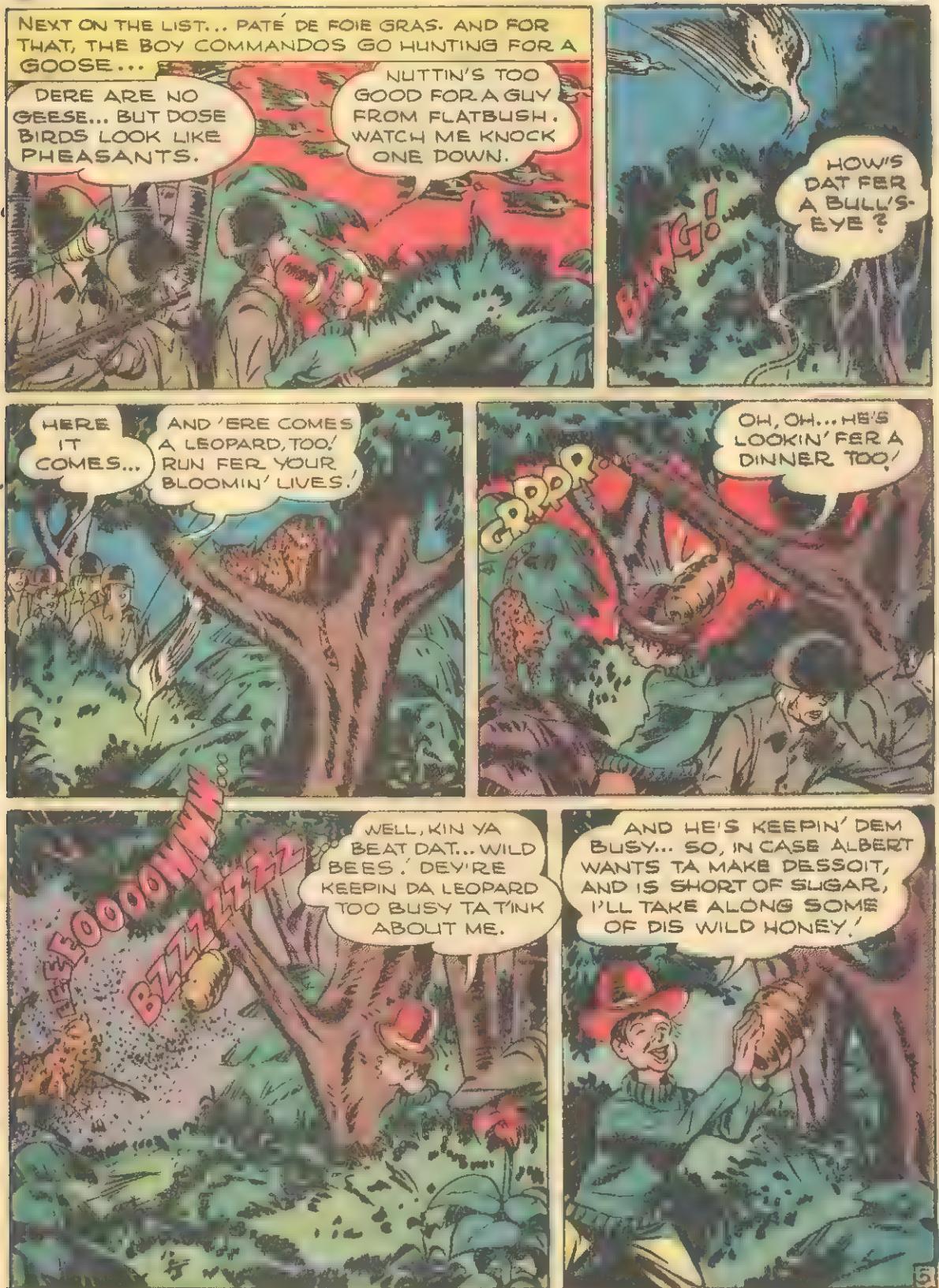
DETECTIVE COMICS



DETECTIVE COMICS



DETECTIVE COMICS





DETECTIVE COMICS



AND NOW FOR SOME FISHING...

NOBODY EVER
FISHED HERE
BEFORE... THE
BLIGHTERS
OUGHTER BE
EASY TO CATCH.

OUI, ZERE WILL BE
PLENTY FOR ZE
BOUILLABAISSE...
EET IS A DELICIOUS
SOUP...



BUT NEVAIRE
MIND NOW...
I HAVE ZE
BITE!

YEAH, AND IT
MUST BE AS BIG
AS A WHALE. GIVE
HIM A HAND, BOYS...



OOOOO...
A FLOATING
MINE



WHEN THE SMOKE OF THE EXPLOSION
HAS CLEARED AWAY...

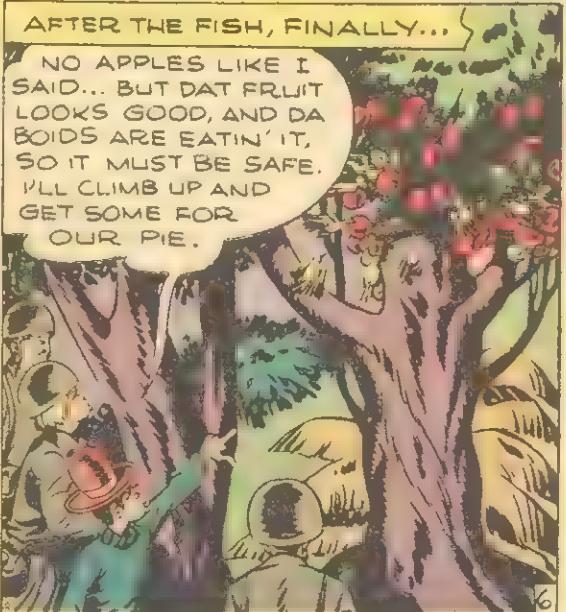
MA FOI 'Z
ZE MINE
BLEW ZE
FISH
ASHORE!

AND ALL WE HAVE TO DO
IS PICK THEM UP. ALL DA
SAME, I HAD ENOUGH OF
DIS KIND OF FISHING!



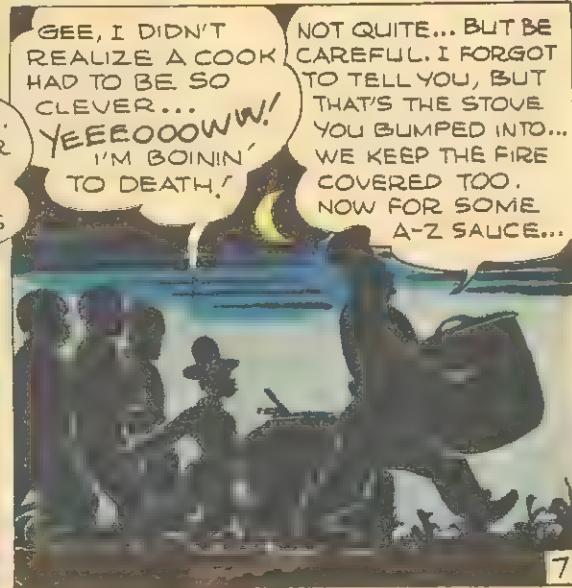
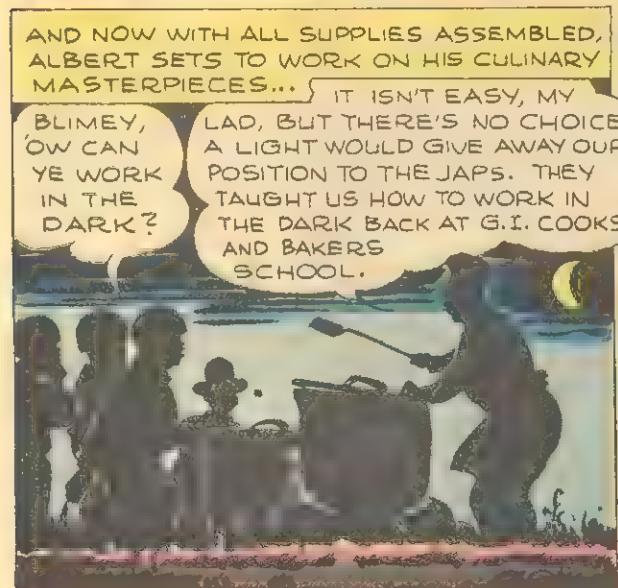
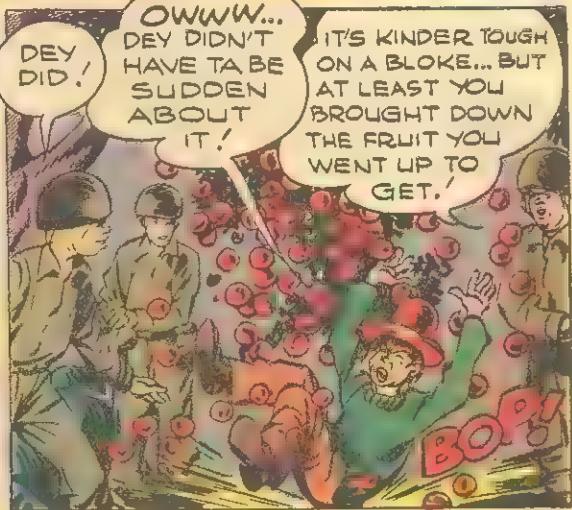
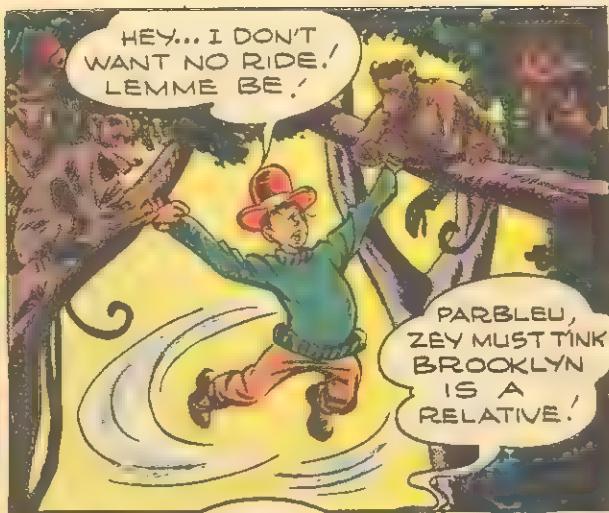
AFTER THE FISH, FINALLY...

NO APPLES LIKE I
SAID... BUT DAT FRUIT
LOOKS GOOD, AND DA
BOIDS ARE EATIN' IT,
SO IT MUST BE SAFE.
I'LL CLIMB UP AND
GET SOME FOR
OUR PIE.



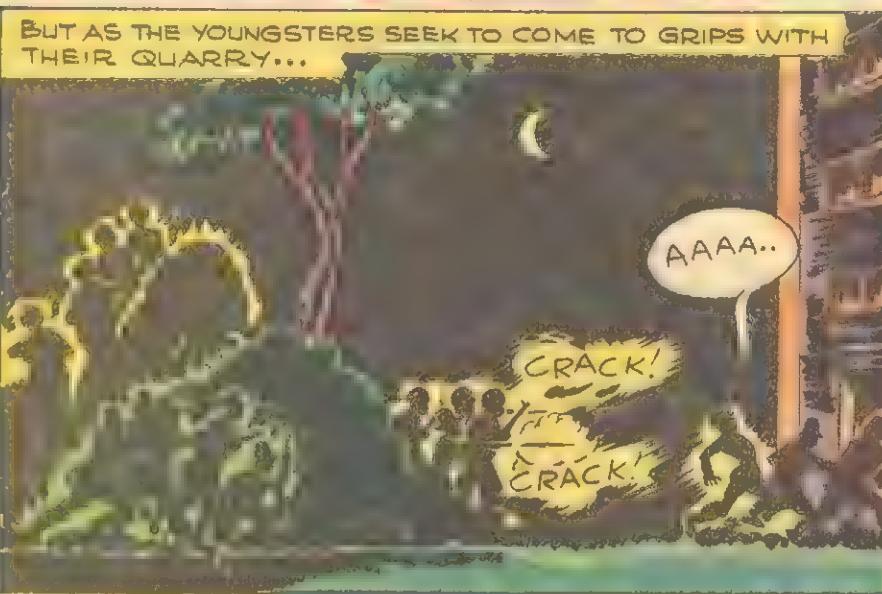
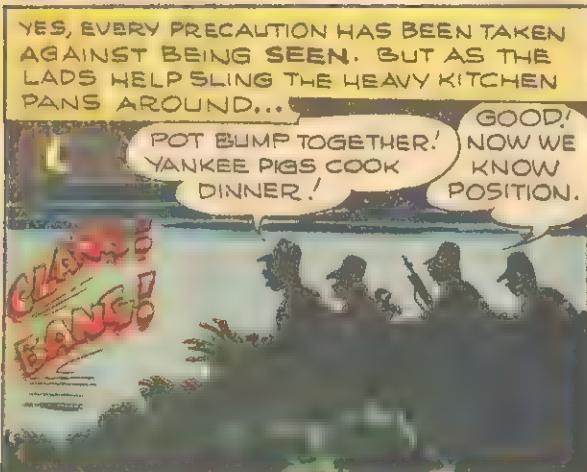


DETECTIVE COMICS





DETECTIVE COMICS



With the result that we have one of those queer "four-decker sandwiches" that occur now and then in house-to-house fighting. Reading from top to bottom... JAPS, BOY COMMANDOS, JAPS, AMERICANS!

DETECTIVE COMICS



DETECTIVE COMICS

SORRY, BROOKLYN, YOU'VE GOT A LOT WORSE THAN THAT TO WORRY ABOUT. DOWN BELOW, MORE THAN YOU REALIZE IS COOKING...

NO USE GETTING OURSELVES KILLED TO FINISH OFF THOSE NIPS. WE'LL DO THINGS THE SMART WAY, AND BURN THEM OUT.

AND PRESENTLY, ON THE THIRD FLOOR...

PARBLEU... SMOKE! ZE BUILDING IS ON FIRE!

AND DA NIPS ARE STILL BLOCKIN' OUR ESCAPE FROM BELOW. DIS LOOKS VERY BAD, BOYS, VERY BAD! IN FACT, I DON'T SEE HOW IT COULD LOOK WOISE!

BUT WHILE OUR YOUNG HEROES ARE IN THIS PRETTY PICKLE, ANOTHER HERO IS NO LONGER THINKING OF FOOD...

TRY TO KEEP ME FROM GETTING A-Z SAUCE, WILL THEY?

IF THEY THINK I'M GOING TO LET THEM STAY IN THAT HOUSE, THEY'RE MISTAKEN.

HEY, WHAT'S THE IDEA OF TRYIN' TO COMMIT SUICIDE?

GOSH, WHAT SOME GUYS WON'T DO FOR A MEDAL!

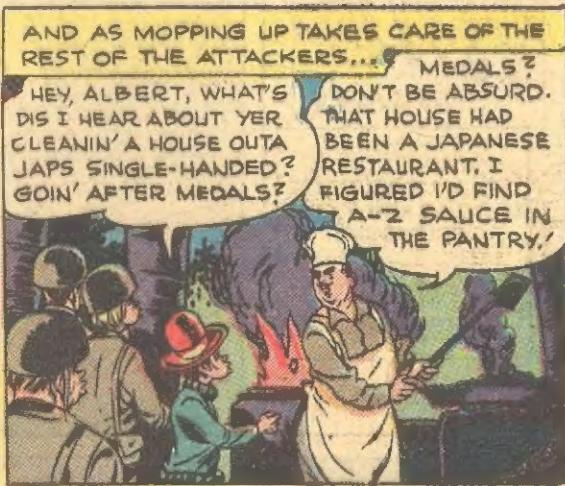
YES, ALBERT MAY HAVE FORGOTTEN ABOUT FOOD... BUT HE'S COOKING WITH GAS ALL THE SAME. AND IN THE MEANTIME...

WID DA STAIRWAYS BLOCKED, I KIN STILL USE DIS EMOIGENCY EXIT...

BUT I GOTTA CLEAN OUT DIS RATS' NEST BEFORE I LEAVE.

AAAAA...

DETECTIVE COMICS



Advertisement



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TUNE IN **HOP HARRIGAN**

ABC NETWORK 4⁴⁵ MON. THRU FRI.

The Shell with a "RADIO BRAIN!"

THE TRUE STORY OF A MIGHTY SECRET WEAPON OF WORLD WAR II



DECEMBER 10, 1941—three days after Pearl Harbor—Jap planes sank the "Prince of Wales" and "Repulse." Was the day of the surface-ship over?

IN
WASHINGTON:
CAN
AMERICAN
INGENUITY
FIND THE
ANSWER?

WE MUST FIND A DEFENSE
AGAINST AIR ATTACK!

--OR OUR NAVY
WON'T BE ABLE
TO OPERATE
AT ALL!

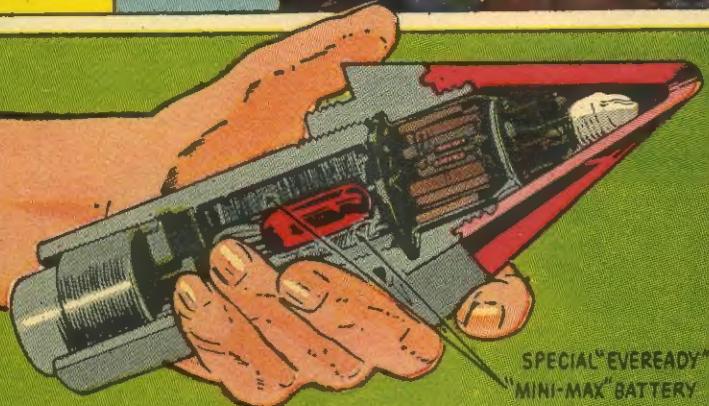
CAN IT BE
DONE?



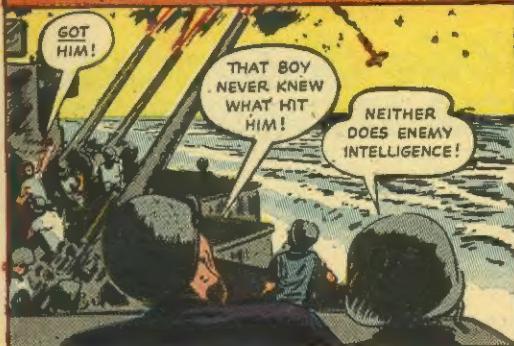
LATER

THE NEW SECRET WEAPON — THE **VT FUSE**

5-tube radio sender and receiver, in the nose of the shell itself, broadcasts a continuous radio wave. Reflected by the target, this wave is caught by the shell's receiver, and explodes shell at exactly the right instant!



JANUARY, 1942: A U.S. SHIP IN THE PACIFIC...



79% OF ALL
DOWN BY ANTI-AIRCRAFT

London, Sept. 21. It can now be revealed that only the unprecedented accuracy of anti-aircraft installations saved London from vastly greater damage by "Batacks" during

NAVY FIGHTS OFF KAMIKAZE
—ONLY 1% GET THROUGH!

With the Fifth Fleet, Nov. 12 (Delayed). Highly effective fighter and anti-aircraft activity continued to knock down "Kamikaze" suicide planes attacking the

Fleet. Of every plane attac

ALLIED ARTILLERY SMASHES VON RUNDSTEDT'S ATTACK

Paris, Dec. 28. German prisoners described Allied shelling as the "most devastating and demoralizing" in their experience, and attributed Von Rundstedt's setback largely to the unprece-

I'M TINY AND LIGHT,
FOLKS—but I give
AMAZING SERVICE AT
AMAZINGLY LOW COST!
I'M WAITING AT YOUR
DEALER'S—TODAY!



I'M LESS THAN THE SIZE OF A BOX OF SAFETY MATCHES. BUT I PACK 22½ VOLTS—AND I'M BUILT TO LAST AND L-A-S-T!

"CIGARETTE CASE" RADIOS, small enough to wear, are coming soon! This "Mini-Max" Battery is typical of new battery developments that made such sets possible.

EVEREADY
TRADE MARK
MINI-MAX
TRADE MARK

TYPICAL OF PEACETIME APPLICATIONS of "Eveready" "Mini-Max" power is this 15-volt hearing-aid battery. It makes possible lighter hearing aids!

The registered trade marks "Eveready" and "Mini-Max" distinguish products of National Carbon Company, Inc.